THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, July 1, 1805.

ACCOUNT *of the* BATTLE *of* COPENHAGEN.

[From a Tour in Zealand, by a Native of Denmark.]

ON the morning of March the 30th, 1801, about ſeven o'clock, the thundering peals of Cronborg put an end to ſuſpenſe. Very ſhortly after, we could diſcern the fleet, which approached rapidly. The tremendous cannonading from the fort gave us an idea of what it might effect, if it could reach its object. His majeſty of Sweden, (who obſerved the paſſage of the fleet from Helſingborg, appeared ſenſible of this, and after the cannonading had ceaſed, diſpatched an officer to compliment the governor of Cronborg.

As the gale was blowing freſh, the Britiſh ſoon advanced within ſeven or eight miles of the city, where they came to an anchor. A frigate, a lugger, and a brig got rather nearer; but the battery of the Three Crowns, and the fire from the block ſhips, compelled them to retire. The magnificence of this ſpectacle naturally left various impreſſions on our minds, but whether favourable or unfavourable, they were ſoon forgotten in the enthuſiaſm and unanimity which prevailed among all claſſes. The queſtion was not, Who is the enemy? But, Where is the enemy? It was a moment of impending danger; the duty we owed our country, therefore, inſpired us with only one ſentiment. The noble ſpirit diſplayed by the ſtudents at the ſiege in 1659-60 was now equally conſpicuous in their ſucceſſors, who with one hand and one heart, aſſociated themſelves into a corps of twelve hundred, while thoſe ſons of the muſes whom age or infirmity prevented from rallying round the ſtandard of patriotiſm, did all in their power to encourage and confirm ſo laudable an effort. Chamberlain Lindenkrone ſent a thouſand dollars to the aid of

thoſe ſtudents whoſe private means were unequal to the expence of their public duties.

The firſt and ſecond days paſſed quietly over, but on the morning of April 1ſt, we could perceive an unuſual buſtle among the Engliſh ſhipping. Some frigates and lighter veſſels got under weigh, and were employed in ſounding. Towards evening twelve ſail of the line, all the frigates, and moſt of the ſmaller veſſels weighed, and with a northern breeze paſſed through the Hollander Deep. Admiral Parker, with eight ſail of the line and two ſmall veſſels, preſerved his ſtation, while Admiral Nelſon anchored, with his diviſion, beyond the fire of our outermoſt ſhips.

Conjecture was now at an end. A change of wind to the Southward would enable Lord Nelſon to bear down with his diviſion, and we anxiouſly awaited the awful moment. Our ſhips were moored with four anchors, and manned, indiſcriminately, by people of all deſcriptions, haſtily collected for the preſent emergency; they had been conſtantly on the alert during the former two nights, a third was now added to their fatigue; and when it is conſidered, that theſe people were unacquainted with the exerciſe of great guns, that they were all day employed in practiſing, and all night in watching, the compliment paid them by Mr. Bardeneth, firſt lieutenant on board the Charlotte Amelia, in his profeſſional account of the battle, will not be deemed ſuperfluous.

He ſays, "The ſpirit which animated all hands on board, and not their real ſtrength, enabled them to perform what they did."

The morning of April 2 dawned—and the wind blowed ſoutherly, our commodore made a ſignal for the whole line to lay their broadſide to the enemy.

The author here enumerates the force of the veſſels and batteries oppoſed to the Britiſh. Three ſhips of the line and two brigs, ſtationed in the inner harbour, did not come into action. The fire of ſome batteries alſo fell ſhort of the Britiſh ſquadron:

Between nine and ten, both diviſions of the Britiſh weighed, and our commodore hoiſted the flag of defiance from the Danbrog. Admiral Parker, with the zeal characteriſtic of a Britiſh ſeaman, beat up, againſt wind and current, towards the battery of the Three Crowns, propoſing to awe our ſhips in the inner roads, while the hero of the Nile bore right down upon our line.

The Edgar led the Britiſh van, advancing in a moſt gallant ſtyle againſt the Proeveſteen, (58 guns), which opened her fire on the former, five minutes after ten. The Vagrien (50 guns), then poured in a broadſide, juſt as the Edgar was upon the tack to take her ſtation; a ſecond broadſide was diſcharged from the

Proeveſteen,

Proeveſteen, when the whole of the Britiſh line gained rapidly on our's; in a few minutes two third parts of our ſhips were in action. As our line was not broken, only one half of the force, on either ſide, was, conſequently, engaged.

Our foremoſt ſhip, the Proeveſteen, was expoſed, during the whole of the action, to the fire of the Polyphemus, of 64 guns, the Ruſſel, and the Bellona, which two latter ſhips ran aground at the commencement of the battle; but this misfortune (as Lord Nelſon obſerved) did not impede their ſervice. The Proeveſteen was, at the ſame time, raked by the La Deſiree, of 40 guns, and a gun brig.

Great as was the diſtinction which Commodore Fiſcher, in his report, conferred on the Proeveſteen and her gallant Captain Laſſen, "Notwithſtanding my high ſenſe of Daniſh bravery, it was heightened by the conduct of the Proeveſteen, which continued to fight 'till all her guns were diſmounted," the compliment of Lord Nelſon is, in my opinion, ſtill greater.

Captain Riiſbrigh ſtood, on this occaſion, as undaunted upon the quarter deck of the Vagrien, as when a lieutenant on board the Formidable, under the gallant Rodney, on the 12th of April, 1782. For England he aſſiſted to acquire glory and ſucceſs; for Denmark he obtained only the former.

Soon after eleven o'clock the Danbrog, (64 guns) Captain Braun, took fire, which compelled Commodore Fiſcher to ſhift his broad pendant to the Holſtein, but Braun continued to fight her till he loſt his right hand. Captain Lemming ſucceeded in the command, and although the flames blazed around them, threatening immediate deſtruction, the Danbrog maintained her fire 'till the cloſe of the engagement, againſt her powerful adverſary, the Glatton, which latter mounted 68-pound carronades on her lower deck.

When Commodore Fiſcher, famed for the coolneſs and perſpicuity of his judgment in the hour of trial, left the Danbrog, the battle raged with the utmoſt fury. The Britiſh finding that our foremoſt ſhips were far from ſlackening their fire, now extended their line, and at noon all our ſhips, as well as the battery, were ſtrenuouſly engaged in the awful conteſt.

Captain Thura, of the Infoedſtretten, (64 guns) fell at the beginning of the action; and all the ſubaltern officers were either killed or wounded, except a lieutenant, and a marine officer. In this ſtate of confuſion, the colours were, by accident, ſtruck; the Britiſh, however, made no attempt to board the Infoedſtretten, ſhe being rather dangerouſly moored athwart our battery. A boat was diſpatched from the ſhip to carry the tidings of her commander's death to the Prince Royal, who had, from the dawn of day, taken his ſtation upon a battery. Here, amid ſhowers of ſhells and cannon balls, Frederic, the wiſe, the good, and the brave, ſuperintended, calmly and actively, for the aſſiſtance of

the ſhips engaged. By ſhewing how a prince ought to meet danger, he taught others to deſpiſe it.

When the prince received the meſſage from the Indfoedſtretten, he turned round, and with an air that gave confidence to all about him, ſaid, "Gentlemen, Thura is killed; who of you will take the command?" "I will," replied Mr. Schroederſee, in a feeble voice; and haſtened eagerly on board. This gentleman had been a captain in the navy; but on account of ill health had lately reſigned. The hour of neceſſity ſeemed to invigorate his waſted form, and in hopes to ſerve his country, he forgot himſelf.

The crew perceiving a new commander coming along ſide, hoiſted their colours, and fired a broadſide. When he came on deck he found great numbers killed and wounded; and, therefore, inſtantly called to thoſe who had rowed him to get quickly on board. It was his laſt effort—a ball ſtruck him—and Schroederſee was no more. Mr. Niſſen, a lieutenant of the navy, who attended this gallant tar to his noble fate, next took the command; and continued to fight the ſhip for the remainder of the day.

The engagement had now laſted upwards of three hours, without any glimpſe of victory on either ſide. A determined perſeverance appeared to inflame both parties. Our line ſtedfaſtly preſerved its original poſition, and every ſhip maintained its ſtation except the Rendſborg prame, which drove aſhore, her cables having been ſhot away at the commencement of the attack; and the Elven, a repeating ſloop of war, which had ſheered off a little after twelve, her maſts being very materially damaged.

When the Britiſh fleet firſt bore down upon us, the eleven gun boats retired.

About two o'clock the fire from the reſpective fleets abated conſiderably; and our ſhips appeared very much diſabled. The damage ſuſtained by the Britiſh was apparently trivial, from our ſhips having conſtantly directed their fire at the enemy's hulls. This was, undoubtedly, the ſloweſt method of diſabling an adverſary; yet it was the ſureſt, and certainly is, at all events, preferable to chance.

Conſidering the expoſed ſituation of our men on board, it was a matter of real ſurpriſe, that ſo few, comparatively, ſuffered from the immenſe quantity of ſhot which had been poured in upon them.

Had every ball that ſtruck our maſts, wounded our hulls, there would, in all probability, have been no priſoners of war.

At two o'clock the Nyeborg prame, having her main, mizen maſts, bowſprit, and foretop maſt ſhot away, and the captain perceiving her almoſt ready to ſink, ordered the cables to be cut,

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and the foreſail to be ſet, that they might ſteer for the inner roads. As he paſſed the line he deſcried the Aggerſhuus, a veſſel of the ſame deſcription as his own, in the moſt miſerable plight, her maſts having all gone by the board, and the hull on the eve of ſinking. Captain Rothe ſhewed himſelf a true ſeaman, who not only abſolutely meets his own dangers, but alſo cheerfully ſhares in thoſe of others. Having made faſt a cable from his ſtern to the ſtem of the Aggerſhuus, he towed her off: and thus obtained as glorious a triumph as if he had come in with an enemy's ſhip.

Soon after two o'clock Commodore Fiſcher removed his broad pennant from the Holſtein to the battery of the Three Crowns, whence he commanded during the latter part of the engagement.

At this moment Lieutenant Lillienſkiold finding his ſhip, the Hielperen, ſurrounded by a ſuperior force, cut his cables, and brought her ſafe into the inner roads. Mr. Lillienſkiold was no ſtranger to the buſineſs of the day; he had in the year 1799, fought in the Weſt Indies, with a privateer, and both contended ſo obſtinately, that they were obliged to ſeparate for want of powder.

Laſt, though not leaſt, is Mr. Villemoes, a ſecond lieutenant, who commanded the floating battery, No. I. Much has been ſaid about his ſkill in manœuvring his raft, which conſiſted merely of a number of beams nailed together, on them a flooring was laid to ſupport the guns. It was ſquare with breaſt work, full of port holes, and without maſts. I ſhall not take upon myſelf to argue how far it were poſſible to manage ſuch a log, but merely ſay, the manner in which Villemoes manœuvred his guns, and ultimately ſaved his raft, attracted the notice of Lord Nelſon, whoſe ſhip lay for ſome time oppoſite the floating battery. The admiral is ſaid, in the handſomeſt manner, to have noticed to the prince royal, how much the country, on future occaſions, might fairly expect from the abilities of young Villemoes. This trait of his lordſhip I conſider as a never fading flower in the wreath which naval talents and ſucceſs have twined around his brows.

At half paſt two, our fire had entirely ſubſided; but the Jutland, the laſt ſhip that returned the enemy's ſhot, was ſtill engaged, as was the Proevefteen. However, the Three Crowns had juſt opened its batteries with a dreadful effect, when the white flag was unfurled from Lord Nelſon's main-top.

An Engliſh boat, with a flag of truce came along ſide the Elephant; the captain of which ſent an officer in his boat to accompany it aſhore. The battery, in the mean time kept up a heavy cannonade, as did the Elephant. As the wind had been ſouth ſouth-weſt, ſouth, and ſouth ſouth-eaſt, the whole day, with a ſtrong current, Admiral Parker's diviſion advanced but

very

very little, inſomuch, that a broadſide from the Ramillies, a 74, (his foremoſt ſhip) fell very ſhort of the battery.

The flag of truce having delivered a diſpatch to the prince royal, returned, and ſoon afterwards orders were ſent to the commander of the battery to ceaſe firing; their guns had, in the interval, been pointed with the utmoſt effect on the Monarch and Ganges, which ſhips were awkwardly ſituated on the ſhoal of the battery.

Two flags were then diſpatched from ſhore to Admirals Parker and Nelſon; while the Britiſh took poſſeſſion of eleven of our ſhips.

Short Account of the late reſpectable Lieutenant Fitzgerald.

IN February, 1805, died, at Verdun, in France, Lieutenant William Fitzgerald, ſecond ſon of the vice-provoſt of Trinity-College, Dublin, late of the frigate La Minerve, which, on the 2d of July, 1803, went aground in a fog near Cherbourg, and was taken by the enemy, but not 'till after a gallant reſiſtance, while reſiſtance was of any avail. He and his brother, a young midſhipman, only twelve years old, who ſhared in the dangers of this diſaſtrous event, were marched ſeveral hundred miles into the interior of the country to different places of confinement, and ultimately to Verdun, where the deſpair of an exchange of priſoners, and conſequently of any farther opportunity of diſtinguiſhing himſelf in the ſervice of his country during the remainder of the war, is ſuppoſed to have preyed upon his ſpirits, and to have produced a decline, which on the 19th of February releaſed him from his earthly captivity, and opened brighter proſpects to his view; for in his laſt moments he diſplayed that dignified ſerenity and ſteadineſs of mind, which ſo well accorded with his character through life. "Cheerful and reſigned to the laſt," ſays Captain Brenton, in a letter to his afflicted father, "we muſt all moſt ſincerely regret him—you, Sir, as an amiable and beloved ſon—myſelf as a valuable friend—and his country as a brave and meritorious officer. I have this moment (21ſt February) returned from accompanying his remains to the grave: his funeral was attended by every officer of the army and navy, and by each he is ſincerely regretted."

This promiſing young man, thus cut off in the prime of life, had fought on the memorable 1ſt of June, 1794, as a midſhipman on board the Marlborough, which, next to the Invincible, ſuffered moſt in that glorious action: though ſeverely wounded he refuſed to quit his ſtation 'till the battle was over, and he ſaw his country triumphant. A ſociety of London merchants, who afterwards met for the purpoſe of rewarding the officers who had

chiefly diſtinguiſhed themſelves on that glorious occaſion, preſented him with a valuable piece of plate with a ſuitable inſcription.—Theſe honourable teſtimonies of his merit are the only conſolation now left to his afflicted relatives and friends.

PRAYER *and* EPITAPH *of* SIR WILLIAM JONES.

ETERNAL and incomprehenſible mind, who, by thy boundleſs power, before time began, createdſt innumerable worlds for thy glory, and innumerable orders of beings for their happineſs, which thy infinite goodneſs prompted thee to deſire, and thy infinite wiſdom enabled thee to know! we, thy creatures, vaniſh into nothing before thy ſupreme majeſty; we hourly feel our weakneſs; we daily bewail our vices; we continually acknowledge our folly; thee only we adore with awful veneration; thee we thank with the moſt fervent zeal: thee we praiſe with aſtoniſhment and rapture; to thy power we humbly ſubmit; of thy goodneſs we devoutly implore protection; on thy wiſdom we firmly and cheerfully rely. We do but open our eyes, and inſtantly we perceive thy divine exiſtence; we do but exert our reaſon, and in a moment we diſcover thy divine attributes; but our eyes could not behold thy ſplendour, nor could our minds comprehend thy divine eſſence: we ſee thee only through thy ſtupendous and all perfect works; we know thee only by that ray of ſacred light, which it has pleaſed thee to reveal. Nevertheleſs, if creatures too ignorant to conceive, and too depraved to purſue, the means of their own happineſs, may without preſumption expreſs their wants to their Creator, let us humbly ſupplicate thee to remove from us that evil which thou haſt permitted for a time to exiſt, that the ultimate good of all may be complete, and to ſecure us from that vice, which thou ſuffereſt to ſpread ſnares around us, that the triumph of virtue may be more conſpicuous. Irradiate our minds with all uſeful truth; inſtil into our hearts a ſpirit of general benevolence; give underſtanding to the fooliſh; meekneſs to the proud; temperance to the diſſolute; fortitude to the feeble hearted; hope to the deſponding; faith to the unbelieving; diligence to the ſlothful; patience to thoſe who are in pain; and thy celeſtial aid to thoſe who are in danger: comfort the afflicted; relieve the diſtreſſed; ſupply the hungry with ſalutary food, and the thirſty with a plentiful ſtream. Impute not our doubts to indifference, nor our ſlowneſs of belief to hardneſs of heart; but be indulgent to our imperfect nature, and ſupply our imperfections by thy heavenly favour. "Suffer not, we anxiouſly pray, ſuffer not oppreſſion to prevail over innocence, nor the might of the avenger over the weakneſs of the juſt." Whenever we addreſs thee in our retirement from the vanities of the world,

world, if our prayers are fooliſh, pity us; if preſumptuous, pardon us: if acceptable to thee, grant them, all powerful God, grant them; and as with our living voice, and with our dying lips, we will expreſs our ſubmiſſion to thy decrees, adore thy providence, and bleſs thy diſpenſations, ſo in all future ſtates, to which we reverently hope thy goodneſs will raiſe us, grant that we may continue praiſing, admiring, venerating, worſhipping thee more and more through worlds without number, and ages without end!

Sir William Jones's Epitaph.

Written by himſelf.

Here was depoſited,
The mortal part of a man,
Who feared God, but not death;
And maintained independence,
But fought not riches.
Who thought
None below him, but the baſe and unjuſt;
None above him, but the wiſe and
Virtuous;
Who loved
His parents, kindred, friends, and
Country,
With an ardour
Which was the chief ſource
Of all his pleaſures, and all his pains:
And who having devoted
His life to their ſervice,
And to
The improvement of his mind,
Reſigned it calmly,
Giving glory to his Creator;
Wiſhing peace on earth,
And with
Good will to all creatures,
On the (twenty-ſeventh) day of (April,)
In the year of our Bleſſed Redeemer,
One thouſand ſeven hundred and
(ninety-four.)

REMARKS *on* SINGULAR WORDS.

Dr. HINCE, of Cambridge, in a diary for the year 1795, propoſed a queſtion, namely, "What word is it in the Engliſh language, to which if you add a ſyllable, it will make

it ſhorter?" *Short* is the word required, to which if you add *er*, it will then be *ſhorter*. This is a paradox, for the word, by being made actually longer, becomes really *ſhorter*. And now, *vice verſa*, to contraſt with the above, I ſhall name two or three words, which, by being made ſhorter in one ſenſe, become longer in another. P*lague* is a word of one ſyllable; take away the two firſt letters, and there will be a word of two ſyllables remaining: by which it appears the *ague* is four-ſixths of the plague: we have three other words of this kind, viz. te*ague*, le*ague*, and Pr*ague*.

There is a word in the Engliſh language of five ſyllables, from which if one ſyllable be deducted, no ſyllable remains—*monoſyllable*.

The two longeſt monoſyllables in our language are ſtrength and ſtreights, and the very longeſt word honorificabilitudinity. But this is an obſolete phraſe, and is not to be found in any vocabuliſt I know of, Bailey excepted, who has borrowed it from the Latin, in which it has a letter more, viz. *honorifacabilitudinitas*.

Heroine is perhaps as peculiar a word as any in our tongue: the two firſt letters of it are male, the three firſt are female, the four firſt a brave man, the whole word a brave woman. It runs thus; *he, her, hero, heroine*.

We have a term for a beggar, which may be divided without the tranſpoſition of a ſingle letter, with only the addition of an apoſtrophe, ſo as to make a complete ſimple ſentence; and ſuch a ſentence as a perſon of this deſcription may generally addreſs himſelf withal: the term is *mendicant;* and the ſentence ariſing from its diviſion, *mend I can't;* which moſt of them may too truly aſſert.

Theſe words deſerve remark—*tartar*, *papa*, and *murmur* in Engliſh, *toto* in Latin, and *berber* in the Turkiſh language; becauſe each of them are but the ſame ſyllable twice repeated.

We have ſeveral diſyllable words, which read the ſame backwards as forwards; ſuch as *aga*, *ala*, *leſel*, *refer*, &c. But we have very few which conſtitute a reverſe reading; there are theſe, *lever*, *ever*, *repel*, *ſever*, which read backwards, make *revel*, *reve*, *leper*, *reves;* and *æra*, by diſſolving the diphthong, when retrogradely read, will be *area* Of tryſyllables there cannot be expected ſo many; *animal*, it is true, will be found to make the Latin, and, by adoption, Engliſh word, *lamina*.

But a more remarkable coincidence of words and events is ſeen in the two following inſtances: 1ſt. of *la revolution Francaiſe*, from the letters of which may be compoſed, *un Corſe la finira*, i. e. a Corſican will put an end to the French revolution. The 2d. is *honor eſt a Nilo*, from which may be compoſed *Horatio*

ratio Nelſon, as much as to ſay, Horatio (Lord) Nelſon's honour is from the Nile.

Particulars of the important Improvements lately made in Denmark.

[From a Tour in Zealand, in 1803, by a Native of Denmark.]

THOSE who are acquainted with what the ſtate of this country was twenty or thirty years ago, muſt exult at the change time has made for the better. To thoſe who are not, it may not, perhaps, be unintereſting to know, how changes ſo beneficial could have been produced in ſo ſhort a period.

Formerly, when you met a peaſant driving his waggon to market, the appearance of himſelf, and every thing about him, gave you an idea of forced obedience. Inſtead of alacrity, you ſaw ſullenneſs on his brow; inſtead of the cheerful huſbandman, whiſtling with the fruits of his labour to a market, you beheld a ſlave toiling for a mercileſs maſter. Encouraged by no one, but oppreſſed by many, he dragged his unwilling ſteps ſlowly along, reluctantly yielding to the ſtrong neceſſity which robbed him of his beſt produce, to ſatisfy the unfeeling claims of thoſe, whoſe only merit was the accidental ſuperiority of their birth; ſo that the fruit of his toils was certain ruin. If he dared to remonſtrate, he was chaſtiſed; if his lands did not thrive he was called lazy, and turned out of his farm by the lord of the manor; if induſtrious, and his farm improved, he was diſmiſſed by my lady, who always found out ſome deſerving favourite to reap the rewards of this poor man's induſtry. His old age was uncheered by the fruits of thoſe trees he had planted in his youth; and his death-bed unconſoled by the comforts he might have left his children.

Such, and numberleſs other abuſes, at length made the peaſant ſupine, ſpiritleſs, and unfit for enterprize. The gloom extended to every thing around him, the houſes, lands, cattle, all were tinctured with his wretchedneſs.

When I, therefore, reflect on his miſerable lot, I cannot ſufficiently reſpect and admire thoſe proprietors of lands, whoſe philanthropy was arouſed in his behalf. I paſs with ſilent reverence every ſtone by which the freed peaſant marks the bleſſing, and their gratitude to their deliverer. Such an one is now juſt before me; it was erected in honour of M. Laſſen, counſellor of juſtice, and proprietor of Cathrinebierg.

Vaſſalage was aboliſhed. The lands were parcelled out in lots, upon which farm houſes were erected, and thoſe peaſants only remained in the village whoſe lands were contiguous. This arrangement made the peaſant his own maſter. He could

now

now act according to his own judgment; he had merely his own benefit to conſult, not that of others; ſtill when it is conſidered, how prevalent the influence of ancient uſage is over the mind, it will not be difficult to ſuppoſe, that in this alteration, evils, at leaſt imaginary, obtruded themſelves. The change, therefore, rather depreſſed than encouraged the peaſant, who found himſelf in a dilemma from which he knew not how to extricate himſelf. He was tranſplanted, as it were, into a different ſoil. He quitted a farm of which he knew the good and bad qualities, and was inveſted with, perhaps, ſome ſterile ſpot, or an allotment of a common. But now an agricultural ſociety was formed, which rewarded individual exertions in huſbandry.

This reſpectable body brought the peaſants to a ſenſe of the ſolid advantages they poſſeſſed in the change, and made them comprehend, that the welfare and comforts of every man were within his own power. The peaſants were aroufed from their torpidity; activity and diligence took the lead, and aiming at ſucceſs, they attained it.

DESCRIPTION *of* BUDLEIGH.

[From Mr. Woolmer's Account of Exeter, and its Neighbourhood, juſt publiſhed.]

THIS place, fourteen miles from Exeter, and four from Exmouth, is riſing faſt to eminence as a watering-place. A pleaſant row of houſes have been lately built, and are in general much occupied. From this coaſt, on the leaſt ſtormy weather, the appearance of the ſea is awfully boiſterous; it has a very ſteep ſhore, covered with round ſtones. The bathing is very fine and luxurious for thoſe who are fond of a rough ſea, a tremendous ſurf, rolling billows, &c. You are told that there is no bathing equal to Budleigh. This is the moſt noted place for lobſters and crabs on the Devon coaſt. Hayes, ſituated on the weſtern ſide of the pariſh, near the hill, is celebrated as the birth place of Sir Walter Raleigh. "His father having had a remnant of a leaſe of 80 years in this farm, it came, after the expiration, to one Duke—to whom afterwards Sir Walter, having a deſire to purchaſe it, wrote a letter dated from the court, 26th of July, 1584, wherein he ſays—that for the natural diſpoſition he has to that place, being born in that houſe, he had rather ſeat himſelf there, than any where elſe." His father was the firſt of that name that lived there, but his anceſtors had poſſeſſed Fardell for ſeveral generations before; where they lived in "genteel eſtate, and were eſteemed ancient gentlemen." He was born in 1552. This letter of Sir Walter Raleigh to one of the Duke family,

was a ſhort time ſince to be ſeen at Otterton-houſe, paſted on a little board for the better preſervation of it.

PARISIAN FASHIONS.

CAPOTES of Perſian of the moſt ſimple form and conſtruction are the moſt faſhionable. The ſhape and crown are plain, and there is no puffing but that which remains after the knot of the two ſtrait bands, which, having croſſed under the chin, are tied on the top of the capote. Chapeaux capotes, the broad leaf of which is of ſtraw, and the crown of taffeta, are worn in preference to all undreſs coeffures. This crown, as at the beginning of this faſhion, is of ſtone-colour, dark green, jonquil, roſe, light green, and often white. The hair is not viſible with theſe hats. In undreſs the hair is never ſeen, except a ring round the forehead. The *chenille* nets are not in ſeaſon, but ſome of very narrow ribbon are ſtill worn. The moſt faſhionable are hazle-nut colour. Fair perſons, particularly very young girls, chuſe a ſhade, correſponding with the colour of their hair. The dreſs coeffures are compoſed of a fine comb, large treſſes with the points ſticking out in cork-ſcrew, and directed towards the forehead, or one of the temples. The coeffures of plaited hair are ornamented with a diadem of flowers, the point of which is very elevated. Theſe diadems conſiſt of three or four ſpecies of flowers, without any mixture of leaves. Beſides roſes, which are preferred in the bud to full-blown ranunculus, ſun-flower, and hortenſia, are moſt in repute. Jonquils and hyacinths have ceaſed to be faſhionable. Round robes are worn in full dreſs. Taffeta robes, of ſilver grey and glazed, are alſo worn, which look like velvet at a diſtance. The corſet of theſe robes is very plain, but the ſleeves, like thoſe of other robes, are very much puffed and embelliſhed. The moſt faſhionable mittins are of ſilk, fleſh coloured, with ſmall partridge's eyes. The robes are all cut very low upon the neck, with a round ſlant behind. A well dreſſed woman may wear fleſh-coloured ſtockings, and white ſlippers.

Sketch of the Life of the late Arthur Murphy, Eſq.

THIS venerable ornament of Britiſh literature cloſed his eyes on Tueſday, June 17, 1805, at his apartments, in Brompton-row, Knightſbridge. He was born in Ireland, and deſcended from a very reſpectable family in that country. He was ſent very early in life to the college of St. Omer's, where he remained 'till his eighteenth year, and was at the head of the Latin claſs, when he quitted the ſchool. He was indeed an excellent

cellent Latin ſcholar, and very well acquainted with the Greek language, when he returned to his native country. Soon after his return to Ireland, he was ſent into this country, and placed under the protection of a near relation, a perſon high in the mercantile world. It was intended by this relation that Mr. Murphy ſhould engage in commercial purſuits; but literature and the ſtage ſoon drew his attention, and wholly abſorbed his mind.

He had a brother who went to the Weſt Indies very ſoon after Mr. Murphy came to England, and the latter became ſecurity to the amount of five hundred pounds for the former, who unfortunately fell a victim to the climate, juſt as he had the proſpect of acquiring a conſiderable fortune. The ſucceſs of Mr. Murphy's firſt tragedy, "The Orphan of China," enabled him to get rid of the pecuniary obligation above-mentioned, and he paid the money immediately from the profits of the play, with no other regret on the occaſion, than what aroſe from the loſs of an excellent brother.

Mr. Murphy's mother lived to a very advanced age, and never was there a more dutiful and affectionate ſon. Indeed he never had fortitude, after her death, to look over any letters or papers belonging to her, as they would have reminded him too ſenſibly of the loſs of ſo good a parent, as he often declared that ſhe had uniformly been.

Mr. Murphy was tempted to venture upon theatrical boards, and made ſeveral attempts to acquire reputation as an actor; but though he always diſplayed judgement, he wanted thoſe ſplendid powers which are eſſential to the acquiſition of fame and fortune in that arduous walk of life. He was, however, wholly undeſerving of the brutal attack on his talents as an actor, which Churchill directed againſt him, chiefly from motives of party prejudice. Mr. Murphy anſwered the ſcurrilities of that energetic, but coarſe and furious bard, in a very humourous "Ode addreſſed to the Naiads of Fleet Ditch," and in a very ſpirited poem, entitled "Expoſtulation," in which he modeſtly, but firmly, vindicated his literary character againſt all the aſſaults of his various opponents. Mr. Murphy, however, withdrew from the ſtage, and employed himſelf in the ſtudy of the law: he made two attempts to become a member of the Temple, and of Gray's Inn, but was rejected on the illiberal plea that he had been upon the ſtage. He found more elevated ſentiments in the members of Lincoln's Inn, and from thence obtained admiſſion to the bar. The dramatic muſe, however, ſo much engaged his attention, that the law was always a ſecondary conſideration.

In the courſe of his life he ſent twenty pieces to the ſtage, moſt of which were ſucceſsful, and ſeveral of which will certainly retain an eſtabliſhed rank among what are called ſtock-

pieces

pieces of the theatre. It ſhould have been obſerved that he firſt ſtarted into the literary world with a ſeries of eſſays in the manner of "The Spectator," entitled "The Gray's Inn Journal," which diſplayed great obſervation and knowledge of life for ſo young an author, as, according to his own account, he was but twenty-one, when, as he uſed to ſay "he had the impudence to write a periodical paper during the time that Johnſon was publiſhing his "Rambler."

At one period of his life Mr. Murphy came forward as a political writer, though without putting his name to his productions. The works of this kind, which were well known to have been the iſſue of his pen, were "The Teſt," and "The Auditor," by which he powerfully ſupported the operations of government at that time; and conſequently expoſed himſelf to all the virulence of party defamation. He has ſhewn his taſte and elegance as a ſcholar, by a Latin verſion of "The Temple of Fame," and of Gray's celebrated "Elegy," as well as other admired Engliſh poems, and a maſterly tranſlation of the works of Tacitus.

Mr. Murphy had many ſquabbles with ſeveral contemporary wits; but though he never quietly received a blow he was never the firſt to give one. We cannot ſum up his character better than in the following words, written by his friend Mr. Jeſſe Foote, who prolonged his life by relieving him, ſome years ago, from an illneſs of the moſt alarming kind, whom he has appointed his executor, and to whom he has entruſted all his manuſcripts:

"He lived in the cloſeſt friendſhip with the moſt poliſhed authors and greateſt lawyers of his time; his knowledge of the claſſics was profound; his tranſlations of the Roman hiſtorians enlarged his fame; his dramatic productions were inferior to none of the time in which he flouriſhed. The pen of the poet was particularly adorned by the refined taſte of the critic. He was author of "The Grecian Daughter," "All in the Wrong," "The Way to Keep Him," "The Orphan of China," The Citizen," and many other eſteemed dramatic productions."

CHARACTER *of* LUTHER.

[From Villars's Eſſay on the Reformation.]

MARTIN LUTHER, a doctor, prieſt, and Auguſtine monk, was, at that time, profeſſor of philoſophy and theology in the new univerſity of Wittemberg, where an excellent and rigid ſpirit of aſſiduity, of love of the ſciences, of true religion, and of liberty of thought prevailed. Luther's parents were poor; his talents alone had raiſed him to the ſituation he filled. He was

among the firſt who applied with ardour to the ſtudy of the new knowledge, which was cultivated by the moſt eminent geniuſes of this century. The firſt rays of the riſing ſun had no ſooner ſtruck the high places and moſt elevated ſummits than Luther diſcovered, before the multitude, the new day which began to break. He devoted all his intellectual powers to the ſucceſs of reviving letters, watched their progreſs, and rejoiced at the victory obtained by the partizans of the ancient languages over the inquiſitors of Cologne; he had alſo acquired celebrity by ſome good productions of this deſcription. Supported by an indefatigable zeal, by a wonderful memory, he had acquired the moſt perfect acquaintance with the holy writings, the fathers, and other eccleſiaſtical antiquities. One of his principal objects was to overturn the ſcholaſtic divinity, by baniſhing Ariſtotle from the domains of theology, and by demonſtrating, from this ſingular compound of the logic of pagan philoſophy with the doctrine of Chriſtianity, how much the firſt had been miſunderſtood, and both had been corrupted. In every encounter he overwhelmed the ſcholaſtics with his arguments and his wit, and covered their ſcience with confuſion and ridicule. His individual character, which has had ſuch an influence on the reformation, was energy and uprightneſs.

Ardent and calm, high ſpirited and humble at the ſame time; irritable and warm in his language, when provoked by injurious treatment; mild, and inimical to every ſpecies of violence in actions; jovial, open, of ready wit, and even a pleaſant companion at the table of the great; ſtudious, ſober, and a ſtoic in himſelf; courageous and diſintereſted, he expoſed himſelf with tranquillity to every riſk, in ſupport of what he believed to be the truth. Commanded to appear before the diet of Worms, he preſented himſelf there, notwithſtanding the terrible and very recent example of John Huſs, with dignity, ſimplicity, and firmneſs. Far from ſetting Rome at defiance in the outſet, he wrote ſubmiſſively to the pope, and exhibited no other appearance of ſuperiority but that of his immenſe knowledge over Cajetan, and the other theologians, deputed by Rome to convert him. Haraſſed afterwards with inſults and outrages, he replied to them with animation: excommunicated by the pope, he publicly threw the bull of anathema into the fire.

Luther knew all the intrinſic weakneſs and abuſes of the pontifical court. He had been ſent to Rome on the buſineſs of his order, ſome years before, and there every thing which ſtruck his eye filled his heart with indignation. It is very probable that from that time, he ſecretly conceived, if not the deſign, at leaſt the wiſh, for the deliverance of his country; and, like his ancient countryman Arminius, who had ſerved in the Roman legions in Italy, before he expelled the ſame legions from Germany, it was in Rome that he learned to deſpiſe that Rome,

which

which at a diſtance appeared ſo formidable. From ſuch characteriſtics we cannot miſconſtrue one of thoſe ſuperior beings, who, though participating in ſome of the defects of their age, are made to govern it, and carry it with them on the road to perfection.

I may alſo add that, after having refuſed the offers of the court of Rome; after having been ſo many years the founder and almoſt patriarch of a new church; after having been the friend, the adviſer, the ſpiritual father of ſo many princes, who, through the reformation, had been enriched with all the poſſeſſions of the clergy, of which he might have obtained a rich ſhare, Luther lived and died in a ſtate bordering on poverty, and left to his wife and children only the eſteem due to his name.

CURIOUS WAGER.

A Curious wager was decided lately, in a village near Manchester; where, at a public-houſe, a pariſh clerk, famous for garrulity, was upbraided with it, and told that if his life depended on it, he could not hold his tongue for two hours. *Moſes* picqued at this inſinuation, offered to wager the money he was to have for digging a grave on the following day (for Moſes is *ſexton* as well as clerk) with his *jeerer*, that he did not ſpeak a word, good, bad, or indifferent, for the time ſpecified. The bet was concluded. The chatter-box ſcrewed up his mouth, and became as ſilent as the *grave*. All means were tried to provoke a word —various queſtions were aſked—nay, he was even told of a neighbouring 'ſquire who lay ſo ill that he was given up by the faculty. Still Moſes reſiſted the temptation, notwithſtanding he knew that a hatband was always his perquiſite, as clerk, when any of that family died. At laſt an expedient was deviſed, which had more power. A perſon was ſent to tell the clerk's wife, that her huſband was taken ſpeechleſs. Terrified at the news, ſhe poſted to the Black Bull. On entering, ſhe immediately aſked him how he found himſelf? he only anſwered by a nod, and a ſhake of his head.—" Don't ſhake thy head at me, Moſes! how doſt do?"—no anſwer—" Do ſpeak, Moſes! Oh! I ſhall go mad;" and every ſymptom of delirium ſoon made its appearance. She ſtamped—ſhe wept—ſhe ſcolded—ſhe prayed—ſhe ſwore. Still Moſes held his tongue. Her paſſion increaſed—ſhe tore off her cap, and began to tear off her hair. This was too much for Moſes, and with a louder voice than he ever reſponded " Amen," he bawled out, " Rot thee! thou ſoft toad! thou'ſt loſt me the digging of owd John o'William's grave, and be hanged to thee!"

HUTS *for* SOLDIERS.

THE new huts erecting for the accommodation of troops at Bexhill, in the county of Suſſex, are found to contain every advantage both of health and convenience; the number on the ſick liſt being comparatively ſmaller than on any exhibiting the ſame number of men ſtationed elſewhere. The buildings are finiſhed very expeditiouſly, and when the meſs-rooms, guard-houſes, &c. are completed, will form a very handſome town; the parade, or officers'-ſtreet, is nearly 200 feet wide, and 1000 feet in length.

RUSSIAN SEMINARIES.

THE progreſs that has already been made in the eſtabliſhment of ſeminaries for education throughout Ruſſia, in the few years of the preſent emperor's reign, may be judged of by the laſt report to the miniſter of public inſtruction. From this it appears that the ſeminaries for education amount to 494, the teachers in theſe to 1425, and the pupils to 33,484. The maintenance of theſe ſeminaries coſts annually about 1,727,732 rubles, about 215,966l. ſterling. Theſe ſeminaries are excluſive of various civil and military academies, as well as of all ſeminaries for the education of females. A variety of inſtitutions of a ſimilar ſort are at preſent eſtabliſhing in the various provinces.

The ſums diſburſed in the year 1804, from the royal treaſury of Ruſſia, for the ſupport of academies, univerſities, and other public ſeminaries, amounted to 2,149,213 rubles, equal to about 268,650l. ſterling; beſides 66,910 rubles, about 8363l. ſterling, given by government to eſtabliſh an univerſity at Charkow. Private individuals emulate the government in their benefactions for the promotion of public inſtruction. Counſellor Sudienkow has given 40,000 rubles for the erection of ſchools in Little Ruſſia. The nobility of Podolia have contributed 65,000 rubles to found a military ſchool in that province. A number of ſimilar donations have been made in various parts of the empire.

A QUESTION, *by Robert Maffett, of Saltaſh.*

IN the equations placed below, x will ſhew my height in feet, y in inches, and z the parts of an inch, from whence my height is required.

$$15z + zx = x$$
$$x^2 + yz = 27.25$$
$$4y + xy = y^2$$

Anſwer, by S. Moore, of Horſewell, to J. Callaway's Charade, inſerted April 15.

THE place is ICELAND that you mean,
As in your charade's plainly ſeen.

☞ Similar anſwers have been received from W. Underhay, of Broadcliſt; T. Kite, of Stockland; E. Moore, of Wincanton; Cornubia, of St. Teath; J. Collings, of St. Dominick; W. Mann, of Aſhburton; T. Gill, an officer of exciſe near Wells; J. Lewis, J. B. B. and T. Adey, of Poole; W. Lawrence, and J. Martin, of St. Agnes; Corporal Ninnis, of the St. Agnes volunteers; R. Trewavas, of Mouſehole; Adrianus; W. Gard, of Gittiſham; and G. Hann, jun. of Stoke Abbot.

Anſwer, by W. Underhay, of Broadcliſt, to T. Rutger's Charade, inſerted April 22.

THE parts connected, if I'm right,
Preſent a LARKSPUR to your ſight.

*** We have received the like anſwer from S. Moore, of Horſwell-houſe; J. Colling, of St. Dominick; W. Mann, of Aſhburton; Cornubia, of St. Teath; J. Lewis, and T. Adey, of Poole; Adrianus; W. Gard, of Gittiſham; P. Gove, of Exeter; Corporal Ninnis, of the St. Agnes volunteers; and G. Hann, jun. of Stoke Abbot.

A REBUS, *by R. Trewavas, of Mouſehole.*

MY firſt's a place where thouſands meet their end,
Yet to the weary proves a faithful friend;
An emblem next of innocence produce,
Select three-fourths now for the preſent uſe;
Should wild derangement e'er your mind annoy,
My whole ne'er proves a reſidence of joy.

A REBUS, *by a North Country Sailor of Exmouth.*

SAGACIOUS gents. that have pretence
To find out myſtic lore,
A watery place you firſt muſt trace,
A fiſh from thence explore;
A horned beaſt; a point not eaſt;
Laſtly an iſland view:
With care ſelect, you will detect
What I wear—ſo do you.

An ENIGMA, *by P. Gove, of Exeter.*

LIKE the wild beaſts poor innocents I ſeize,
And at their dying gaſp I ſeem well pleas'd;
For this I ardent toil both night and day,
Like lightning ſwift I dart upon my prey;
Their dying cries to me are pleaſing ſtrains,
For oft I ſeem to triumph in their pains.
In fields, in woods, on hedges I am found,
Aloft in air, and places under ground;
In palaces I'm often known to dwell,
And oftimes in the lonely hermit's cell;
Take one hint more, unveil the faint diſguiſe,
Know that, like Argos, I have many eyes.

POETRY.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

PLEASING RECOLLECTIONS.

LOV'D Gitt'sham! village, where my boyish days
Were led by truth, and bent to virtue's ways.
How oft have I, beneath thy peaceful shades,
Thro' thy lov'd fields, and thro' thy wat'ry glades,
Stroll'd all alone; engag'd with busy thought,
And each known object to my memory brought
Some act of happy youth. Near that green tree,
Once a blest spot, where I with happy glee
Have chatter'd gaily with the girl I lov'd;
Or with poor Tom, my dearest friend, have rov'd.

How oft retir'd, within yon rocky nook,
With pleasure listen'd to the croaking rook,
As with discordant sounds she hails the spring,
Or croaking as she glides on sable wing.
How many tiresome hours in school have sate,
Counting the length of time from date to date;
How oft, on Sundays, in the church have I,
Plac'd by a window, with a curious eye
Watch'd the fair dames, all deck'd so smart and gay,
As with a measur'd step they came to pray.
But all those joys are fled: Ah! never to return,
And all my consolation's now the loss to mourn.

R. B. M.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

On the DEATH *of a* FLY.

POOR hapless fly, thy life is ended,
Thy hours of infect joy are o'er;
Low in the dust thou liest extended,
To taste the sweets of spring no more.

Awhile thou wak'st on painted pinion
Thine airy flight from flower to flower;
Nor thought'st (in pleasure's gay dominion)
On pale misfortune's lurid hour.

But soon that hour by fate was driv'n,
And death the dart untimely bore;
And when the fatal stroke was given
Low did'st thou fall, to rise no more.

Ev'n so mankind, with fleeting pleasures,
Flutter awhile in fancy's train;
Nor find 'till death dissolves their measures,
That all their boasted joys were vain.

Exeter. T. BROWNE.

On

On ANTICIPATED PLEASURE.

THERE is a proſpect ſo divinely bright,
Can give to me moſt exquiſite delight.
Not all the various beauties nature boaſts,
Whether at ſea, or on Britannia's coaſts;
Nor ſetting ſun, nor fields, nor meadows green,
Nor riſing morn, unclouded and ſerene,
Nor beauteous night with all her ſtarry train,
Nor autumn blooming with her golden grain,
Nor ſhady groves, nor wild meand'ring ſtreams,
Nor the gay viſions of deluſive dreams,
With it can vie. It is that charming view,
That proſpect, " ever pleaſing, ever new,"
Of Adbaſton's delight, thro' the viſta ſeen
Of twelve long months, whilſt often intervene,
Thoughts on the paſt felicities of home,
And thoſe ſtill ſweeter—thoſe that are to come!

There may, perhaps, in circles proud and gay,
Whoſe nights are made tranſparent as the day,
Whoſe days again are chang'd from glorious light
To the dark regions of old fable night,
Be pleaſure found; but 'tis not found by me,
Nor can they give, I think, felicity.
There are not living, in this world below,
Such real joys as from pure friendſhip flow.
O when that orb of light, the glorious ſun,
Has thro' each ſign his annual journey run,
And the time comes when, from my lonely ſeat,
Where books and ſtudies form the only treat,
I go to viſit Adbaſtonean plains,
What tranſports thril! thro' all my youthful veins!
My fancy wings her flight, O flattering queen,
And paints with rapture many a happy ſcene;
A father's company, whoſe pleaſing tale,
Crown'd with a pipe, and cheerful glaſs of ale,
Recounts with joy how oft his faithful gun
He laſt year levell'd, and what game he won;
A mother's fondneſs for her darling child;
A ſiſter's converſe, charming, ſweet, and mild;
A brother's love—a friend—true as can live—
Theſe are the themes which heart-felt pleaſure give!
But ah! theſe pleaſures ſoon, too ſoon are paſt,
" 'Tis happineſs too exquiſite to laſt!"

J. M.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

Epitaph on a young Lady, lately of Sherborne.

TO find a ſoul as gentle as her own,
Around the world ſhe look'd, with anxious eye;
But, diſappointed, ſhe away is flown
To ſeek it in a more congenial ſky.

Sherborne. B. AYRES.

REFLECTION.

THE luſcious juice the bluſhing grape affords,
In nature nought with mortal man accords.
Old wine is priz'd by ev'ry ſon of mirth,
But man grown old, alas! is nothing worth.